

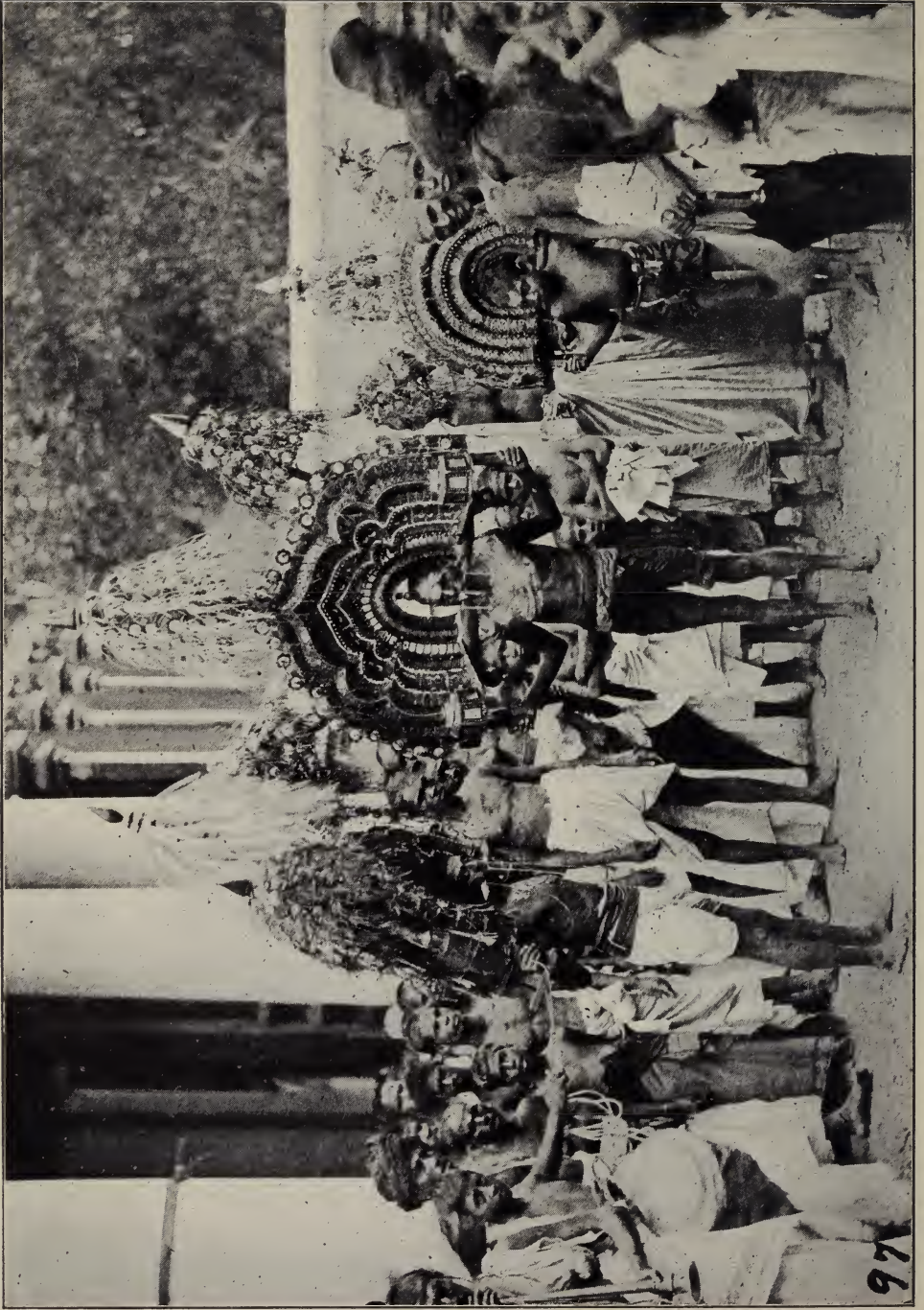


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PROCESSION AT A HEATHEN FESTIVAL. (See page 392.)

Life and Light

VOL. XXXV

SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 9

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. In early July we had the pleasure of welcoming at our Rooms Miss Ruth M. Bushnell, associate of Miss Lord in the care of the girls' school at Erzroom, Eastern Turkey, who has just returned for furlough after seven years of service. Miss Fanny E. Griswold, of Maebashi, Japan, has arrived in New York also for furlough, and will make her headquarters in Washington, D. C. We shall all grieve for Miss Laura Smith of the Zulu Mission, as she receives the sad news that her father was so severely injured by a trolley car that death soon followed the accident.

OFFICIAL CHANGES. With regret the Board has accepted the resignation of Miss Miriam L. Woodberry as Assistant Treasurer. In her place we announce the appointment of Miss S. Emma Keith, who has been known in official position in Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch. It is also a matter of interest that Miss Keith is a sister of Miss Cora F. Keith, who has been for six years a teacher in Kobe College, Japan. Miss Alice Seymour Browne, who has so acceptably filled the position of Secretary of Young People's Work for the last year and a half, now turns her face toward North China, carrying with her the interest of a large circle of friends in our constituency. She will be missed among our young women, but when China calls so loudly we cannot say "stay." In her place we welcome Miss Helen B. Calder, of Hartford, a Mt. Holyoke College alumna, who has for three years held the office of Christian Association Secretary in that institution. She, too, has a missionary sister, Mrs. Lawrence Thurston. One goes and another comes, but there can be no pause in the work.

THE NEED IN INDIA. The missionaries in the Marathi Mission send a statement of facts as to the present condition in their field—facts which they feel every Christian in America should know. To know these facts, or to be able to know them, puts the responsibility on us. They say that inevitably, since the pressure of plague and famine times, the time and the strength of the missionary is so taken up with various industrial and educational work that the special effort for the spiritual life has, perforce, been

small. The medical work is in dire need of more physicians, the Bible women's training school suffers for another worker, many schools need more supervision, and countless opportunities for personal evangelistic work must be neglected. "There is no longer any holding aloof from the missionary, and he has the opportunity to talk religion to good effect from morning to night." If the number of workers could be doubled everyone would be kept busy to the utmost limit of time and strength with imperative work. When we pray, "Thy kingdom come," must we not think of this great empire with its almost countless multitude of human souls, and pray, and give as we pray, that workers may be sent into this harvest?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT. The fourth annual meeting of the Young People's Missionary Movement was held at Silver Bay, Lake George, July 21-31, amid the charming scenery of the "Switzerland of America." From the point of numbers the attendance was certainly gratifying. There were 603 registered delegates, representing for the most part young people's societies or local church conferences. They came from twenty-four states, from the District of Columbia and from Canada, from sixteen denominations, while twelve missionaries brought news from the front—China, Japan, Korea, Africa and the Philippine Islands.

The morning sessions began with Bible Study at quarter of seven, and the forenoon was devoted to considering the best methods of promoting interest in missions, to Mission Study classes, four of which studied Africa, while the fifth took as their text-book the *Heroes of the Cross in America*, and to platform meetings, where various denominational leaders and missionaries gave information and inspiration. If one might judge from the faithful use of notebooks many wise words were garnered for future use, as these hundreds of young people return to report the meetings and to kindle interest in other hearts. At several sessions were heard the voices of Student Volunteers, and some who came without any definite life purpose decided during the closing days to dedicate themselves to the evangelization of the world. As the days went on a spirit of prayer seemed to pervade the whole place, even the recreation hours being in some cases given to prayer circles, and Saturday and Sunday all day prayer services were held, the groups changing each hour.

Where much must be left unsaid, special emphasis should be laid upon the fact that loyalty to denominational Boards was constantly urged, and that Bible Study, and definite, unfailling prayer for missions were made the keynote of success in all missionary endeavor. Four denominational rallies or group meetings were held at the close of the evening platform meetings, and instruction was given at each of these by the secretaries of the different missionary societies, both home and foreign.

THE TREASURY. Receipts from June 18 to July 18 for regular pledged work were \$7,054.23, less than the corresponding month last year by \$1,338.34. For the nine months closing July 18 receipts from this source for this work were \$434.12 less than for the same time last year. We must believe that the remaining three months will show such increase that there shall be no need of "cut" in next year's appropriations.

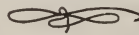
TWO USEFUL GIFTS. Since Dr. Ruth Hume went with her associate, Miss Campbell, to take charge of the hospital for women and children at Ahmednagar, India, the Woman's Board has been longing to supply her with the home which is essential for her health and for her best work. But we have had no means to meet this imperative need. Now we rejoice that, in response to the appeal of Dr. Robert Hume in the *Outlook*, eleven hundred dollars have come to us for this purpose. A generous friend has also given three thousand dollars to help to supply a bungalow for the teachers at Capron Hall, the girls' school in Madura. Neither of these gifts will entirely supply the building for which they come, but with so fine a nucleus we confidently expect that other friends will come to help in these two necessary objects, and that so our devoted workers may be suitably housed. This will help the work of saving souls.

THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOL FOR MISSION STUDY. The glory of ideal summer weather, the strength and peace of the encircling hills, the enkindling sermons of Dr. Morgan, the quickening sympathy of many women filled with the same missionary purpose, the instructive guidance of able leaders, combined to make the week of July 24-31 at Northfield a rare help and privilege. Three hundred and twenty-five women of eight denominations registered and wore the white badge of membership, and others came for single sessions or days. This number was a gain of fifty per cent on the attendance of last year, proving that the women who had tried the summer school thought it well worth while. Ninety-five Congregational women registered, a greater number than in any other denomination; but as New England is our stronghold we do not feel like boasting of that. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, took the first hour in the morning, and in searching, impassioned words, set before us the mission of the church as revealed in the Book of Acts, the great missionary book. No one could listen to him without feeling both humbled that we do so little, and quickened and strengthened in a resolve to give our all to the Master's service. The hour from 10 to 11 passed all too quickly, as the appointed leaders took us through the successive chapters of *Christus Liberator*, the book for next year's study of Africa. If any woman had come with the fear that Africa

would seem vague, dull, remote, she must have changed her mind as the spell of these fascinating pages was thrown over us by the able women chosen to give us hints of methods of study. The time from 11.15 till 12.30 was given to discussion of methods of practical work—work with children, and work for and by the girls. A happy take-off showed us what a missionary meeting ought not to be, and its complement gave hints we may well follow in our auxiliaries. The meetings on Round Top were tender and helpful, and the stirring addresses from missionaries in the evenings were fitly preluded by brief devotional services. Altogether, the whole week seemed to fill us with the sense that the one business of Christian women is to seek first the kingdom of God, and till that has come we have no time or strength to waste on other seeking.

HELPS FOR STUDY. All those leaders who are planning to study Africa next year will be grateful to Mrs. West for the article on page 416. This gives in brief, titles, prices and characteristics of many helps to our work.

HELPS FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS. We find on our desk a pretty blue folder containing foreign missionary programs for children's societies. With great ingenuity and attractiveness the children are introduced to the needs and the work among the little folks in Africa, Turkey, India, China, Japan, Micronesia and in the Papal lands, Austria, Spain and Mexico. The programs are not too elaborate to be practicable, and leaders will find them a great help. The price of the series is five cents, singly one cent, or two cents by mail. Send to Miss A. R. Hartshorn.



Bible Women and Their Work in Madura

BY MISS EVA M. SWIFT

[In most of our missions the work of the Bible woman is very important and of almost limitless influence. Born to the language and customs of the country, she can touch the native women with a sympathy and helpfulness impossible to any foreigner, and the number of such workers should be multiplied.—Ed.]

AS to the Bible woman's work, in general, there is much appreciation of it, a strong feeling that many more workers are needed, and a desire on the part of all to see the work increased. The difficulties inherent in the situation, the social ideas, the low moral ideas of the people exposing the young or lonely worker to unspeakable temptations, the difficulty of providing workers of just the right age and qualifications, all

these are things we have to consider carefully, work toward overcoming, and patiently contend with. But the financial question is also a very important element in the situation. You will notice that the figures put down for the Bible women are from fifty to one hundred rupees, or a little over. The first sum can only mean that some woman gives part of her time, and is paid in part—nobody could live on such an amount. The latter amount pays the ordinary wage and allows a very small margin for the incidental expenses of the work. To my thinking, after years of contact with the women, and



LUCY PERRY NOBLE SCHOOL FOR BIBLE WOMEN, MADURA

experience of the work, a sufficient and reasonable organization of this department calls for increase of expenditure.

1. To pay the workers a little more, and thus more adequately provide for their needs. It is often perilously near starvation for these workers, and generally temptations to debt are almost overwhelming.

2. To send two women where we now send one. With things as they are we should not deliberately place women where the loneliness is intolerable, and where their unprotected condition exposes them to trials and temptations we should think no European woman ought to be subjected to.

3. To house them better, or sufficiently well to afford protection. Some now live in with other families (a condition increasing danger, instead of affording protection, because a whole house in India is often not larger than single room in America, and privacy is impossible). Others live on

verandas screened off by only a mat. Others live in huts which offer no security from intrusion. Any provision for the home of a Bible woman must be made generally from station funds other than Woman's Boards' allowances, since the amount asked for the Bible woman is not sufficient to allow the expense of erecting a little hut for her. Requests for money to build little houses for the Bible women have been refused by the Boards. The mission finds it difficult to understand why the Boards are willing to



ARRUPOKOTTAI BIBLE WOMEN

build a good house at very considerable expense for the training of these women, and will not consider the question of an adequate provision for them after they are trained.

This brings me to the question of the Bible school. This work is always delightful to me, yet there are conditions which I wish to see changed. Among these is that I have just spoken of; namely, a more adequate provision for the workers when they leave the school. I do not think the time has come when we can place young women any or every where and leave

them to shift for themselves on a very low wage. We hope that with the growth and elevation of the community and the church we may eventually secure a type of character, a reserve of strength which is above temptation, but it is not so now. This applies to any and every grade of society and mission service, and is not peculiar to the Bible women. But for these reasons we need to plan more considerably of the women, their nature, their needs. I hope this will eventually come to pass. But the terrible publicity of the work, the almost certainty of gossip springing up among a people whose minds are chock full of suspicions and interpretations that arise out



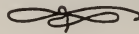
MORNING PRAYERS IN THE BIBLE SCHOOL

of their knowledge of the state of morals among themselves, the severe physical tax involved in walking daily in the sun from village to village, the exposure and fatigue therefrom, the high mental and spiritual plane on which the worker should live to do the work well, the demands thus made upon body, mind and spirit, and, added to all this, the fact that the wage is not enough to relieve from sordid care for themselves and children, all these are things which work against the Bible school. Some of them can only be changed by time, by growth of pure sentiment in the community, by gradual changes of social conditions. Some of them call for action among ourselves. We will endeavor to meet the conditions, and in the meantime I am

personally doing the best I can with the materials I have, and the conditions as they are. I look to you then for sympathy and support, and for a careful consideration of our needs as they may be presented to you.



BIBLE WOMAN TEACHING IN A BRAHMIN HOME
 Woman in white is a Brahmin widow.



The Car Drawing Festival of Madura

BY MRS. HENRIETTA S. CHANDLER

(See frontispiece.)

LAST week was a gala time for Madura. The annual April festival came off, lasting five days. On Monday "the holy wedding" was performed, Meenatchie the sister of Vishnu being married to Sokkaligam, an incarnation of Siva. On Tuesday the happy pair were drawn in triumphal procession around the city in huge cars. The procession was headed by five gaily caparisoned elephants, followed by bands of musicians and dancers and men carrying large fans and brass vessels for

incense. Then came the car of the god. It is an elaborately carved wooden affair on six heavy, solid wooden wheels, with a tall superstructure built up of rattans and bamboos, and covered with glittering tinsel and streamers and banners. Rows of bells were suspended around the car so that his lordship should "have music wherever he goes." In the front of the car are four horses and a driver in effigy. The whole structure must have been sixty feet high. It was drawn by one thousand men, all high caste. There were two huge cables of rope by which it was drawn, though it was started by an ingenious though rude system of levers.

After this came Mrs. Meenatchie in her car of state, which was very similar to the first one, though smaller and of more recent workmanship. The late Rajah of Ramnad had this made at a cost of 30,000 rupees, and presented it to the temple. The first year it was drawn he himself took part in pulling the ropes, and there was intense excitement. Formerly men from villages whose revenue goes to the temple were forced to draw the car. Now, however, it is done by contract, and each man receives two annas (six cents) and a good meal. It takes about five hundred men to draw Meenatchie's car.

There was but one mishap, and that was when one wheel sunk about half a yard in a soft part of the road. A jackscrew and an hour's working and shouting and worrying extricated it, however. Behind the goddess' car was a small one with a Chinnasamie (a little god) in it. This was drawn entirely by boys directed by a few men. Thus ended the second day of the feast.

On Wednesday the god Alagar, a friend of Meenatchie's, who assumed to be her brother, came in in a gorgeous car from his temple, which is at the foot of a mountain twelve miles from Madura. He brings a large dowry, but seeing the marriage has been performed without waiting for him he gets huffy and refuses to cross the river. All day long the river bed was the center of interest. It swarmed with thousands of people, and was a sight to behold. This was emphatically the great day of the feast, as people from the villages care more for Alagar than for the Madura deities, and all castes could have a share in the fun.

There were of course a great many side shows, and the whole city seemed to be on a frolic and picnic. Countless numbers visited Mariammon's temple. She is the goddess of smallpox and cholera, and is pleased to have people have their heads shaved in fulfillment of vows. We saw hundreds of women and children thus shaven and shorn. Others rolled three times around her temple in fulfillment of vows, and women walked around touching the ground at every step. Imagine how your back would ache if you tried to go around that way even once! As for the rollers, that was hard work too. A rain

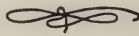
the night before had made the ground fine slush, so it was not a very clean exercise. Two poor boys were so exhausted that their friends were actually assisting them by pushing them over and over the last part of the way that they might not fail in their vows. Poor boys! poor deluded parents!

One very noticeable feature was the numberless bands of dancers. They were dressed in gaudy tights and large wreaths of flowers nearly covering their chests. Some carried skins full of water which they squirted out anywhere—on the road or on people. Others carried rolls of cloth tightly wound which they set on fire and carried thus in honor of the god. It seemed a pity to waste so many bales of cloth which would have been such a comfort to many poor people. Others carried scourges or sickles. The dancers often had bells on their waists and ankles, and queer ornaments on their heads. I saw a good many old men who had danced themselves lame. It was a pitiable sight. Then there were little tiny boys also dressed up in this same fashion: I never saw so many children take part in festivals before.

Thursday Alagar proceeded down the bed of the river slowly to a near village where he halted for the night. There he behaves so atrociously that he is considered in disgrace. On Friday he returns to his own village, but has to stay outside of the temple in some rest house until July next when various ceremonies will be performed for purification, and he will be reinstated in the holy of holies in that temple.

Thursday night toward morning there were some magnificent fireworks in the bed of the river. Great bombs were sent up into the sky which burst into myriads of red and blue lights. I can truthfully say that these fireworks were the only beautiful sights in the whole festival. It was gay, bright and interesting, but at the same time inexpressibly sad and disgusting too. Some of the ignorant people esteemed it a blessing to catch a little water from the skins which so many men carried in pursuance of vows. They would rub it on themselves and their children with evident satisfaction. Others, however, didn't appreciate being doused in this manner (probably they considered themselves holy enough without it); the result was a good deal of fighting. Liquor flowed freely, so that altogether the last days of the feast were not so orderly as the first.

There were many bands of our Christian preachers going about among the people, and many must have heard of the better way, but alas! how few care to walk in it.



IF we want to do something for Christ, God will open up the way for us to do it, and teach us how; and whether it be by word of mouth or by a line of writing, or by the handed invitation or leaflet, it will be blessed, for God loves a cheerful worker, and will crown his attempt with blessing.—*Parish and Home.*

Two War Pictures from Japan

BY MRS. BELLE WILSON PETTEE

First, A Unique Meeting

PLACE, the Christian church in Okayama; time, Saturday afternoon, July 1; hot, but with such a downpour of rain as only a tropical rainy season can produce; audience, fifty of the élite of the city; the mayor presiding, representative members of the local Red Cross Society, the governor's wife in her official capacity as president of the Ladies' Patriotic Association with her executive committee, one foreign woman, president of the City Woman's Society for Soldier Work, and a band of her foremost helpers to serve as ushers, and three hundred or more men, women and children, whose sons, husbands and fathers are fighting in Manchuria, or have fallen in the trenches around Port Arthur or in the bloody battles of the Yalu or Liaoyang or on the plain of Mukden, or have given their young lives to make their loved Japan mistress of the Eastern seas.

There are eight hundred families of soldiers in this one interior city of eighty thousand souls, and fifty-seven heroes have gone out from these homes never to return. On the walls of the church are forty-three photographs of these brave soldiers and sailors, most of them with boyish faces looking out from under the stiff soldier caps with their bands of imperial yellow.

Representatives of these loyal families were invited here by the Y. M. C. A. and these two women's societies that they might in some slight measure honor the dead and comfort the living.

All classes of society, all ranks and conditions in life are represented. The wife of an ex-mayor and mother of a dead lieutenant sits in her silken gown between an untidy, uncombed girl, too young she seems to be the mother of the lusty, restless baby she tries to hold in her lap, and a blind grandmother in her faded dress, two scantily clothed little girls clinging to her hands; their mother, the dead soldier's wife, working at home from early morn till late at night just for food and shelter for the four. On the other side of the church are grouped the fathers, sons and brothers, old men in silken coats with crests on sleeves and back elbow to elbow with *jin-rikisha* pullers and coolies in mud-bespattered cotton gowns, the crape sash of a doctor next the white cotton belt of a student or the foreign suit of a government official. All distinctions of rank, age, sex are forgotten in the common patriotism, pride and sorrow which makes them all akin. For once the omnipresent cigarette and tiny pipe are invisible, for on the walls

of this Christian meeting-place, in mystic Chinese characters, is the unfamiliar legend, "Smoking prohibited."

The speakers: a Buddhist priest, a Christian pastor and a foreign missionary. The main speaker was the Buddhist priest, Seiran Ouchi, a famous orator, and much in demand all over the empire as a speaker at such meetings. For more than an hour he discoursed on "True Fame," pleasing his audience by his constant and tactful allusions to Japanese history. To most of that assembly no word of Christian hope or cheer had ever come, and they listened eagerly, intently, to it all, applauding frequently, Buddhist and Christian alike.

The moment I choose for the picture (I want you to see it as I saw it) is when at the close of his brief speech the foreigner drew from his pocket three small silken flags—the Union Jack, the Red Sun with its brilliant rays, and the Stars and Stripes—and as he held them up, expressed it as his dearest hope that these three countries, with hands clasped together, might advance the cause of peace and righteousness throughout the world.

The audience went as nearly wild as an undemonstrative Japanese audience can, and again we felt "the brotherhood of man." The wife of the editor of the city's leading daily begged that I get from my husband a copy of his speech for publication in next day's *News*, and sent a special messenger for it that evening.

An Edison home phonograph electrified the audience with "Kimi Ga Yo" (Japan's national air), sung by an American voice, but with a depth of feeling which even the Japanese sometimes fail to put into the solemn majestic strains.

Owing to the heavy rain the audience was only about half the size the city fathers had hoped to see, but those who sat through its four hours of Columbia gramophone, with Japanese airs, speeches, phonograph and light refreshments, felt it had been a memorable meeting.

The Second Picture

The next morning at half past five, still cloudy and wet, I stood on the platform of the railway station in short skirt and rubber boots, but wearing the tiny flags of Japan and America, the Red Cross pin, the silver cross and tiny bow of ribbon of the woman's society, which gave me the right to pass unchallenged the policeman at the gate.

Slowly the train I had come to meet pulled up to the station. Two hundred men in white kimonos, with the Red Cross badge on the left sleeve, pale, wan, with bandaged arms and heads and legs, some of them unable

yet to sit up, filled the cars. They had traveled all night from Hiroshima, and were to have breakfast here. Three great casks of water stood on the muddy platform, and with a long handled wooden dipper I filled dozens of rusty tin basins for these boys' morning toilet; and one ceases to wonder at their cleanliness as he sees the thoroughness of their ablutions, and the universal towel, soap and tooth brush. Basins of water were carried to the men unable to leave the train; and then the dainty boxes of lunch were distributed, and we women folk walked up and down beside the cars, serving bowls of hot soup and cups of tea.

The first long car of the train was filled with Russian prisoners; a little knot of them on the platform were watching me as I waited on the Japanese. At last I could stand it no longer, and when the wounded boys were filled and satisfied, and I had given them leaflets and fans, I asked a policeman standing near if I might not carry tea to the Russians. "O yes," he said, "their breakfast will soon be here."

As soon as I reached the group of officers one of them—big, handsome, young, black bearded—asked eagerly: "Haven't you any English papers? We know nothing about the war; tell us what you can." "When were you taken prisoner? Are you from the Baltic fleet?" "Yes; and since May 29 we have known nothing, shut up in that tiny island of Ninoshima."

And so I told him as rapidly as I could of President Roosevelt's (God bless him) proposal for a peace conference, and how it is to begin at Washington on August 1, and who are to represent Russia and Japan, and of the no news from Manchuria which means we fear another big battle there soon; and then he wanted news from Russia and the mutiny at Odessa, and I thought of E. E. Hale's *Man Without a Country*, and how that last day of "Philip Nolan's" life his friends had to tell him the story of thirty years of America's history and I wished I had read the papers more carefully and could tell more clearly and more fully the story of the last thirty days' happenings. Meantime the Russians were sent back into the train, and standing at the window my big boyish officer told me he had spent years in New York (he is a Finn) and had learned English in a free night school there, how he hated this war and only went back to Russia a year ago because he must, and against his will was sent to the Baltic fleet and put on the Orel, the oldest cruiser of them all, and reached Japan just simply to be captured.

"I have never had anything to do with a policeman or a jail before, and this prison life will kill me. When will peace come? Perhaps I can live a year; if it is longer than that I shall die."

Usually we are not allowed to talk to the Russians as they go through, so

I took pains to tell the guard he had lived in America, and to translate to them much of what he said. I would leave him for a few minutes and then come back to his window, and even then the guard came once to me and stood with drawn bayonet, so I put on my sweetest smile and said, "Am I talking too long?" "Pretty long," he said. "O well," I replied, "this officer is almost an American, he lived so long in my country, and we are talking about America, but if you say so I'll stop talking to him." "O no, you may go on a little longer."

"O," sighed my Russian, "if I could only let my friends at home know that I am alive and well, though a prisoner, I should be quite happy."

So I offered to write for him, but he was sure no letter would be sent to Russia from Japan; then I replied that I could send a letter to my daughter in America and she could mail it to Russia.

How his face lighted up as he begged a pencil and scribbled hurriedly on a picture postal that turned up from somewhere an address in Libau. I took it, showed it to the policeman so kindly watching us and walked away, but went back later to remark to my new friend that the name was not like his own, which he had already given me.

"No," he said, "I'll confess to you it is the name of the girl I am engaged to, see here is the ring she gave me," and he showed me the broad gold band on the third finger of his right hand.

"Can she read English?"

"If she can't she will find some one that can, and she will tell my father and mother."

I promised to write that very day, as the mail was just leaving for America, and his face lighted up with a smile as he said, "In a month she will know I am still alive."

So young he was, not yet twenty-six, so handsome in his dark uniform with its gilt shoulder straps and brass buttons, so bright and cheery, too, fond of Japanese tea even without sugar or milk, he told me, quite skillful already in the use of chop sticks, though he never saw any till that fateful 29th of May, evidently a favorite with his brother officers, my heart ached for him in the irksome prison life he must lead for months before he can be sent home. Fortunately these Russian officers have no lack of money, and they can and do buy many luxuries,—canned meats, tobacco, and liquors, and even curios.

He spoke freely against the Russian commanders. "The Russians can't fight, they have no head for fighting, all they care for is money; the Japanese can fight and do fight."

I told him about the school children here, and how they are taught patri-

otism and military drill. "That is like America," he replied, "but poor Russia has no schools like that."

As the train pulled out of the station I gave him my tiny American flag and said good-by, expecting never to hear of him again. Much to my surprise this morning's mail brought me a letter from him, which I cannot do better than to copy for you here:—

DEAR MRS. P.: I am much obliged to you for the kindness you show me at the station Okayama; and your American flag makes me verry happy to have in my room. I hope my letter will find you in good health. and I wish my best compliments to all your family.

How pleased I will be to have any newspapers or books from you. and I will be your best friend.

I wish you good health till I have the pleasure of seeing you again.

Your friend

N. B. The Japanese are verry kind to the prisoners. Good-by. God bless you.

Dear readers of LIFE AND LIGHT, with all my heart I make this one request, Pray, pray, pray for us, for Japan, for Russia, for peace, and then give. Now is the time for work in Japan; give as you never have given before to this sister land across the sea. Ninety of these eight hundred families are suffering for daily food, or would be if not helped by the Ladies' Patriotic Association and the moneys sent from America. Give to Japan now and she will bless you for it a hundred fold in the years to come.



The Cyclone in Micronesia

BY MRS. GEORGE GARLAND

"He rideth on the wings of the wind," sang the psalmist thirty centuries ago, and surely the power of the Infinite was manifest in the terrific storm that swept over Kusaie and Ponape on the 19th and 20th of April, 1905.

Mrs. Garland, of the *Morning Star*, sends a detailed and vivid account of those days of terror, and we feel as we read that the steamer must have been kept by a special protection, so near and inevitable did destruction seem. The rapid fall of the barometer gave them a few hours warning, and the captain took all possible precautions. When the wind struck the vessel the ship dragged anchors, drifted quite across the harbor, and struck the coral reef. Awnings, fire buckets, the large brass binnacle, the wind sail, and other things were torn away.

Mrs. Garland says:—

WE were able to have one of the windows on what happened to be the lee side of the ship opened a little at the top, and the blind up so that we

had a sight of the harbor. When the blasts were most furious we seemed to be in the midst of a fiercely driving snow storm, a blizzard, the air full of whirling whiteness which shut out all further view; the waves were taken into the air, whipped into froth, and hurled upon the ship, blinding all those who were "standing by the ship" on deck, and pouring down through shut windows inside. At times such was the fury of the wind that the reef was driven bare of water. While on the reef the jar of the vessel was uncomfortable and disconcerting, for one could not but believe that there must be some more serious damage to the hull; but we did not remain in one spot. With anchors hanging, twice we drifted across the harbor, twice we were on the rocks, and once on the sand of the reef. At one time, when a shift in the wind had taken us nearer the swamp, with a prospect of drifting upon the black rocks not far away, the place where several vessels have met their fate, the Kusaiens who were on board, working, were determined to jump overboard and try to gain the shore. They were terror stricken, but Mr. Kemp reminded them that if they reached the shore they could only crouch under the cocoanut trees, and that they were quite as likely to be killed there by falling trees. Brief lulls gave us glimpses of great havoc on shore in the near distance; the mango trees in the swamp were all stripped of leaves, the air was full of whirling leaves, torn in small bits, which plastered our windows and the sides of the ship.

It is heart breaking. Brown as though swept by fire, with here and there in some more protected nook, a spot of green in grass or vines, showing trees beheaded or uprooted by the hundred and thousand, the brown, broad tracks of many land slides, with the white gleam of water here and there coursing down the freshly opened bed like a narrow ribbon, a muddy flood sending its track far out to sea from the river, and bearing masses of débris so thick at times that we seemed to be resting on a small island as it surrounded the ship. Thousands of dead fish floated by, whipped to death on the coral, doubtless, and poor, bewildered birds wheeled and fluttered all about us and over the stricken swamp crying and calling. Our pretty little island near by was a wreck, the tops gone from all the cocoanut trees, the houses flat, the small boat which had been landed there until we should go to the Gilberts crushed into kindling wood. Here and there the hills looked as though ploughed from base to summit, again deep, ragged holes seemed to have been bored with some mighty tool. When the air had cleared enough you can imagine with what anxiety the captain studied the mission, which, three miles away, was not perfectly distinct at best in the afternoon light. It was out of the question for him to go down that day, with the sea still turbulent, and the ship on the reef, but the next morning early two of

the Marshall boys came up by canoe, and we had the story. The mission was destroyed, the girls' school buildings were flat, Dr. Rife's house untenable, ready to fall, and Mr. Channon's partially demolished. No one was killed, but some injured. Mr. Channon had thought that if driven out of their house they would take refuge in the press house, which was small and strong, the newest building on the place, so barred the doors, and left one on the lee side to crawl through; but when the time came to flee they dared not trust any building, but with the five children divided among the company of boys succeeded in getting further away from the house, crawling into a place which had been dug out for some purpose in the side of a hill, and here they lay for an hour in water some six inches deep, while the wild uproar went on all about them. They said, as did Miss Hoppin, that they had never imagined such awfulness of sound. The press house and schoolhouse went first. Some of the boys saw the press house go, and say that it was turned clear around at right angles to its position, then crashed to the ground at once. One side of the dwelling house was demolished, and the whole moved some eight feet from its foundations, the coral posts which supported it sticking straight up through the floors. Of course all the boys' houses of native build went quickly. Dr. Rife's house, the old Pease house, is left leaning at an angle of ten degrees, the sides caving, and partly unroofed. The captain says that a westerly wind would carry it over. The church schoolhouse is flat, and all else except part of the kitchen and a little tool house, which served as a refuge at one time for a hundred people. It was here that the family found shelter, so escaping the severe exposure which the others endured. The girls' school—the wreck is complete. Jessie had been up early preparing for a storm, looking after weak spots where the water has a way of driving in, etc. But the house was in no condition to stand a cyclone, and at the last, with the shift of the wind, went down like a card house. The captain said he could think of nothing but a handful of toothpicks, thrown down at random. There were a number of the boys from the schools helping as they could. When they fled from the house it had already been so violently racked and shaken as to throw down large articles of furniture. Two of the boys went through the house to be sure that all the girls were out, and hardly had they left it and got a few feet away when it went, but Jessie says that such was the fury of noise that they could not hear the crash. Perhaps that will give you a slight inkling of the horrible tumult of the elements.

(To be continued)

A Missionary Tour in Turkey

BY MISS CLARIBEL PLATT, OF MARSOVAN

SHALL I tell you where I am as I write? I am in the "office," playing chaperon while some of the girls receive their "sisters and their brothers and their aunts." Two of the boys who just came to see their sisters objected to coming in here because there are several women here, and so they have been allowed to go to the parlor and Mrs. Ward is playing propriety there. It is funny to see them put their heads together and whisper so that the next group shall not hear. Many of the brothers are little boys, and their sisters little girls, so it looks more like a nursery than the reception room of the girls' boarding school. I heard once that one of the little girls complained that when her brother comes the girls are on the lookout and try to catch a glimpse of him. So you see girl nature is much the same the world over.

My trip to Zille was my first missionary tour, and so every feature of it was interesting. You know what piles of things have to be packed into the wagon when one is preparing for a journey of two days, or even for a few hours' ride in a native wagon. When our things were all in I questioned whether there would be room for Mr. White and me, but we crowded in and were really very comfortable, lying back on our mattresses and cushions in true Oriental fashion. We had most of the afternoon of the first day in

Amasia, for the distance is not great, and I greatly enjoyed the sights of that quaint old city. As I had never been there before Mr. White took pains to show me about. We visited the wonderful rock hewn tombs which were mentioned by Strabo before the Christian era, great cubes of rock hewn from the mountain side by cutting narrow passages on three sides. The way to them is very steep. In some places there is only a narrow stone gallery in front of them, and one stands on the ledge, with the city hundreds



MIRROR TOMB AT AMASIA

Built before the time of Strabo, probably for some king

of feet below, feeling how easy it would be to take a false step and lose one's balance. The interior of the tombs is hollowed out to form a loculus, and in two cases at least there are rude attempts at wall paintings.

Our night was spent in a Turkish khan,—perhaps not the worst of its kind, and certainly not the best. Dr. Riggs says “each one is worse than all the rest put together.” I was glad that I had taken a traveling bed when I saw the mattress on the bed in the room given to me. We had a spirit lamp, and were able to prepare our own supper without contributions from the *khanji* (innkeeper). The Protestant pastor brought us a dish of *yoghurt* and a pitcher of milk from his own home, and so we managed very well. The next day was a long one; we were up before the sun and drove till late in the afternoon, stopping only once to feed the horses. We had delayed that operation till we should reach a village at the top of the high ridge over which we had to go, in the hope that we might find there a fire where we could warm ourselves as we ate our own lunch. But the village proved to be a miserable one, its houses resembling low stone piles built into the hillside rather than human habitations, so we decided to remain in the wagon, protecting ourselves as best we might against the cold wind. A few of the villagers gathered round to stare at us, among them a tiny girl wearing one thin garment like a shirt, her face unwashed and her hair hanging in her eyes. Mr. White, with a thought perhaps of his own wee girl, offered her a cookie, and after surveying us for a few seconds she took it and gravely walked away, the cookie under her arm, probably to show it to her mother and tell about the queer people who had given it to her.

About an hour from Zille we passed through a narrow gorge, said to be the scene of the victory of which Cæsar wrote, *Veni, vidi, vici*. We were met there by two friends from the Protestant community of Zille, and escorted by them to the home of one of the prominent Protestants. I had never seen much of the home life of the interior, and so was greatly interested in everything I saw. We were conducted through the courtyard and up rough wooden stairs to the second story, where there were five rooms—a central hallway opening on the court at the rear like a veranda, and two rooms on either side. One of these was given to me. It contained a very tempting looking trundle bed (?), a long divan, and a chest, evidently the property of the “bride,” who is the daughter of the pastor there and a graduate of this school. She was the only one in the family to whom I could talk in English, and it was sometimes a great relief after I had been struggling with a Turkish sentence to turn to her and speak my own language. We dined in state from a “high” table in company with our host and his eldest son; the wife and other children did not appear at meal

time, and evidently preferred the freedom of the kitchen. The "bride" waited on us, of course.

In the evening the other friends would drop in for a chat, and it was interesting to hear them discuss various subjects of general interest. The wives, of course, did not join in the general conversation. I had messages from three of our pupils whose homes are in Zille, and their friends were all interested in hearing of them. We called, with the pastor and his wife, on several of the people. There was one home where I longed to bring comfort, but it did not seem possible to say anything to lighten the burden of the poor mother, whose only son, the light of her eyes, had been sent to school in Marsovan a few months before. Because of some little difficulty with his breathing it was thought best to perform a simple operation on the nose. The parents were not here, but they were given to understand that they need have no anxiety, and so the shock was all the greater when the news came that the boy had died the day after the operation. It was thought that internal bleeding must have caused the pneumonia which was the immediate cause of his death. You never saw anything more hopeless than the face of that mother. I was constantly reminded of that verse, "We do not sorrow as they that have no hope." It seemed as if she could not see beyond the grave. What can one say in such a case?

I was able to render a service to no less a person than the governor in rather an unusual fashion. The chief topic of conversation when we reached Zille was the new windmill (straight from Chicago) which the governor had recently bought, to raise water to the castle hill, where he has built himself a fine new house. It had just been set up, and you can imagine their disappointment when they found it would not do the work. In his perplexity the governor sent for a German machinist, living about nine hours away, to examine the machinery and find out what was wrong; but when he came a new difficulty arose. He knew so little Turkish that they could not make him understand what they wanted, and as they knew no German they were in a quandary till someone remembered hearing me speak German to that man the evening before (for he had arrived on the same day we did, and the interview with the governor took place next morning). So they came to me to see whether I would go down and act as interpreter. It had not been thought wise at first for me to go down through the market, but under the circumstances it seemed best to go, so I was escorted down through the town by Mr. White, the pastor, and another Protestant, who was responsible for my being called. I wore a long golf cape and a veil, but still I was followed by a crowd of young boys, who evidently regarded me as a show. When we passed into the enclosure where the windmill stood they remained in crowds

peering through the openings in the fence, and determined, evidently, not to miss anything that went on. Mr. White acted as interpreter between the governor and me, and I put the questions into German and the German answers into English, which were then passed on to the governor again. In a few minutes the business was done and we were free to leave. The governor gave us an escort to the castle, and we were shown all about with great courtesy; he even had his new house opened for us to inspect—it was just being cleaned before arranging the furniture.

The Sunday services were most interesting. I sat with the women on the raised platform at the back of the church, and could scarcely hear the sermon for the confusion around me; there were almost as many children as women, and as they had no idea of keeping quiet for three minutes together the order was not remarkably good. When it came time for the anthem our bride went forward and seated herself on the floor (she had been sitting with me on the only bench in the women's part), just behind the railing at the edge of the platform. Beside her was the teacher, another of our graduates, and one of those who joined the church that day. Just in front of the railing the little group of young men singers stood around the organ, played by Muggerditch, our host's eldest son; and so, the women sitting, and the men standing, the anthem was given. They seem thoroughly to enjoy their practice together, and we were pleased to find them taking such an interest in music. Last week I sent a book of organ voluntaries to Muggerditch and some songs for the teacher to use in school. The great difficulty, of course, is to get songs with Armenian words, and of course that is the only kind it is possible to use in the schools of the out-stations. We have a number of Armenian translations from some of the best known kindergarten songs, and these we find very useful.



Good Out of Evil

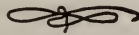
BY MISS ADELAIDE DAUGHADAY OF SAPPORO

I AM *en route* to our annual mission meeting, and recently while spending a few days in Tokyo became so filled with enthusiasm by what I saw of the grand work being done in the military hospitals that I want to write at once to tell you about it. War is a terrible evil, but God is marvelously overruling it for good, and by it opening many new doors of opportunity for sending the gospel even to the most remote mountain villages. Comfort bags, they might truly be called "gospel bags," as each one

contains a New Testament, made by Japanese and foreign women, are being sent to the front by the tens of thousands, and letters of warm appreciation have been received, not only from the men but from officers as well.

Only eternity can tell the results of Y. M. C. A. work in Manchuria. As an appreciation of its value the Emperor and Empress have just contributed *yen* ten thousand to it. Entertainment, physical comfort, and spiritual instruction are given, the men being especially helped by the song services. Yet when large numbers gather to listen to Christian talks the intense eagerness shown, particularly on the part of those soon to go to the firing line, is really pathetic. Recently the Emperor has made large gifts of money to two other forms of Christian work, that of the Okayama Orphan Asylum and to the Home for ex-converts. This will give Christianity great prestige in the country, for which we rejoice. A missionary friend visits every day the largest military hospital in Tokyo, in fact in the empire, and it has been my privilege to go with her and have a glimpse of the wonderful work now being carried on; and yet this is only one of many similar hospitals where Christian workers are utilizing a grand opportunity, which if lost now is lost forever. There are about seven thousand men in the fifty-two buildings, and a constant change of patients, as those able to travel are sent to their homes and new men from the front take their places. My friend never goes empty handed, but carries Christian papers, picture cards, with Scripture texts pasted on their backs, flowers, and when she has no other material available, mimeograph hymns, and gives each man a copy to keep. She then sings the hymn in each ward visited that day until the men have learned it. The soldiers have come from every nook and corner of the empire, and often say after the hymn has been carefully explained to them, "We must send this home. The people of my village have never heard about Christianity." The most despondent of the invalids are those who have lost hands or feet from frost bites; many of them are our own Hokkaido men. They look forward to long lives of helplessness, and there is not the glory that others feel they have received by getting their wound on the battlefield. The thrilling experiences in Manchuria have prepared the hearts of these sufferers to welcome the "tidings of great joy." One young man, a mere boy, with a white, beardless face like that of a sick woman, had received such a nervous shock, not only from his severe wounds, but from the scenes of carnage he had witnessed, that he lay trembling and sobbing day after day, unable to sleep and afraid of everything, especially of death. One day he whispered to my friend, "Please comfort me." She gently stroked his head and said, "Poor boy! You are very weak and a long way from all your family, but there is a dear Friend constantly at your side who loves you more than you love your-

self, who will be more than father and mother to you." She told him as to a little child day by day of Jesus, of his life and of his death, and the boy's heart opened to receive it as a flower to the sunshine. His simple faith and joy were touching beyond words, and with spiritual joy came physical healing. Another had had both eyes shot out, and had to be watched constantly to be kept from suicide as he could not be reconciled to the thought of being a helpless blind man. My friend said to him, "You have given both eyes to your country, but God has mercifully spared your tongue, your hearing, your hands and your feet, and there is much a blind man can do." He, also, as a result of her teaching, has gladly accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and now his face is almost beautiful lighted up as it is with his new-found joy, and he seems to want to tell everybody about the change that has come into his life. This war has brought to the surface the very best of the Japanese character. Such skill, wisdom, and humanity in conducting the war, willingness to return good for evil, and delicate consideration for the feelings of captives have surprised even us who know them so well. Recently when a large number of prisoners were to pass through Yokohama, the mayor sent word that no others were to be allowed on the platform at the station as it would be unpleasant for them to be stared at, and a message went to each school that boys must refrain from calling them names on the streets. Sometimes our Christians in their public prayers ask blessings upon "our enemies the Russians."



Missionary Letters

MICRONESIA

Miss Elizabeth Baldwin writes from Ruk on April 5, 1905:—

I ENCLOSE the annual report of our girls' school, which has just been prepared. The words seem so cold and lifeless as they are printed out on paper, but I can assure you that the reality is full of life. If you could just step in this morning and hear their merry voices. This is the mid-week baking day, and we make it our wash day also. Some of the older girls are now out in the cook shed with the three young men of the training school, who assist us, preparing food to last until Saturday; and it requires no small amount to fill forty-nine three times a day for this length of time. Others have been doing the washing, which is all now pretty well on the lines, and the little ones have been cleaning up the grounds around the house. In the midst of it my sister and I are trying to prepare our mail, but there are many interruptions.

We state in the report that the health of the girls has been excellent, and so by the Lord's blessing it has, but nevertheless we have daily doctoring to do. One girl has scrofula, and the many openings on her neck must be cleansed and dressed daily. After we had taken care of it for some time we let some of the girls relieve us, but the patient would not allow them to cleanse it as thoroughly as was necessary, so we have to do it ourselves. The young woman we took in from Kinamue had the beginnings of a bad skin disease on her when she came into the school, so she was given medicine for the trouble, and told to bathe in a separate tub from the girls until the trouble disappeared; but the application of the remedy is rather painful, and she did not attend to it thoroughly, so the first we knew the trouble made its appearance on several of the girls, and we attend now to them all personally, striving to eradicate the disease as quickly as possible. Then every night regularly before they go to bed we attend to the sores on their limbs and feet, which are so universal in this land, where purity of life was unknown until the gospel was brought to them twenty-five years ago; but there are no serious cases on hand at present, only some caused by cuts, scratches, etc., for you know they do not wear shoes and stockings.

In the report we read:—

On the afternoon of December third these girls stood up in the church at Kinamue to be united in marriage to the young men of their choice, two of whom were members of the training school and the other a regular attendant of the day school. The church had been prettily decorated with palm leaves and flowers, and a large number had assembled to witness the ceremony, including several representatives from the Morning Star, then in port. At the close of the service the newly married couples received the congratulations of those present, after which a wedding feast was served in our school-room. The quiet, dignified manner of the young men and their brides, as they walked from our school down to the church and up to the platform where Mr. Jagnow awaited them, was in marked contrast with the behavior on similar occasions but a few years since. Then the people were ashamed to stand up publicly to be married in Christian marriage. The brides had to be urged to take their place by the side of their partners, and in one case I witnessed the young man sat down two or three times before the ceremony could be completed. The two girls married to members of the training school were almost immediately sent out with their husbands as teachers, the one couple on Losap and the other at Hall's Islands.

Eight new members have been received into the school during the year, one from Losap, two from the Mortlocks, and the remainder from different islands in this lagoon. One of the number is a young married woman, who

with her husband was in the training school at Kinamue until the visit of the German man-of-war last November, when her husband was taken away as prisoner for having been associated with others in the murder of a young man on Fefan, their native island. The crime was committed several years ago in revenge for the man's stealing another man's wife and threatening his life. Since then the young man had taken his stand as a Christian, and with his wife had been admitted to the training school at Kinamue. When he was summoned to appear before the authorities he asked if his wife might not come into our school and remain during his absence, so she is now with us and is both scholar and assistant teacher. This makes the total membership of our school at present date forty-nine.

The greatest present need is a larger blessing of the Holy Spirit in our midst, bringing deeper conviction of sin and leading to more humble and complete reliance upon Jesus. That this blessing may be speedily given we ask your earnest prayer.

EASTERN TURKEY

This good story of work that may be an example to us comes from Miss Emma Barnum, of Harpoot:—

I am sending a draft to Mr. Peet for 140 piasters, equal to about \$6, which I am asking him to change to a draft on Boston and send to you. This is the yearly contribution of our Women's Missionary Society of the West Harpoot Church, and they ask to have it go again toward the salary of the Bible woman, Annubai, at Madha, under the care of Mr. Gates, of Sholapur, India. They correspond with Annubai, and are much interested in her work.

In May the women had the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of their society. Delegates were present from the near churches, and reports were given on the women's work in their churches, letters were read from former presidents, including Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Browne now in America. The history of the society was interestingly given by the secretary, and the meeting closed with a dialogue given by our schoolgirls. Miss Huntington prepared it. It represented one of our college girls who does not see what she can do for missions, until girls from various heathen countries come to her with stories of the condition of their sisters and tell her how she can help them. There was a good deal of enthusiasm, and I am hoping that there will be a deeper interest in foreign missions as a result.

I think I have written before that the women send only one third of their money to the Woman's Board. One third goes to the home missionary work in Koordistan, and another third is used to educate poor children here. Considering the great poverty we think the women have done pretty well to raise \$18 this year.

INDIA

Mrs. Hannah Hume Lee tells a little of the heathenism still prevailing in India :—

The women of India have to toil—and I do not know that they count it a blessing. Until they make room in their hearts for the Lord of Love they cannot know the blessing of toil. It is of him that the Bible women of Wai are telling and I am glad to have reached the point when I, too, can tell about him in Marathi. It is one thing to hear of him and another thing to make room for him in our lives. A great many people in India are willing to say Christ is a great saint, who are not willing to accept him as the Lord of their lives. The other day we saw a most striking illustration of this fact.

Miss Gordon was taking some guests to see her girls' schools and I went along. The schools are held in private houses, and as we went upstairs we noticed the little cupboard shrine where the woman kept her household gods. We asked her to open it and allow us to look in, which she did reluctantly. What was our surprise when we saw therein a picture of Hofmann's head of Christ, placed just over the image of an elephant-headed god, Ganesh, and surrounded by other images. Very possibly the woman who stood there, with her hands folded reverently, may not have known this was a picture of Christ, but it came home to our hearts that India has yet to say, "Christ, only Christ."

A very sad incident was reported in the papers recently which would not have occurred if Christ were really Lord of India. Many years ago widows in India, instead of being comforted, were burned on the same funeral pyre with their husbands. Seventy-six years ago the British government forbade this murderous custom, yet, only a few weeks ago a widow was burned on her husband's funeral pyre, and the priests and frenzied crowd tried to drown her screams with their shouts. Yet Christ is Lord of many hearts in India, and it makes us glad to see how dearly some of the orphan children have learned to love him.

As you make thank offerings—mindful of what Christ has done for you and grateful for the care of loving friends who minister to you—my heart joins with yours in praise and thanksgiving.

SOUTH CHINA

In a recent letter Mrs. Nelson of Canton tells of some of the work and the needs in that region :—

You speak of the appropriations for 1905. They are very satisfactory even though you could not grant the extra fifty dollars "aid to girls." This aid to girls goes to pay the board of girls who are in actual training for teachers for country stations. The girls are chosen by the missionary and native pas-

tors together, and promise to teach for as many years as they receive help providing the mission wants them. There are now three being so helped, and one other is being squeezed in on money we can find anywhere. But as there are thirty-four out-stations, and as each station is crying for teachers for girls' schools to be started in their city, and as, also, many other country places want teachers to come to open schools, you can see that the supply is not going to meet the demand. As the primary aim of this school is to train teachers it seems too bad that there cannot be more of them in training. That is the idea of the mission. But personally, I am well satisfied with things as they are. If the school were filled with the girls in special training there would be no room for the many who are now here paying their own way. It is true that the pay pupils are nearly all from Canton City, and are not likely to go to the country to teach school after they have finished, but many of them will marry preachers or Christian workers, and those who are not from Christian homes will all become Christians we hope. One of the schoolgirls was baptized last communion, and with the consent of her husband and at her own expense she is studying to be a teacher. . . .

Do you realize that we have to train our own teachers and translate our own books. Mr. Lam is now helping me translate an elementary arithmetic in Cantonese for beginning classes. Last year we got out a Geographical Reader and constructive studies in the life of Christ, and before that a Health Primer. There are plenty of books translated for advanced pupils by our missions up north, but books in Cantonese colloquial are wholly lacking. . . .

I think Mr. Nelson has written you of the gift from Ridgeway, Pa., for good American desks for the schoolroom. It is so very nice and comfortable now, and then we have had electric lights put in. The running cost of electricity will be about the same as for the kerosene lamps, and it is so much cleaner and safer.

We are taking still other strides in Canton. On Christmas, instead of giving gifts to the girls and the church children, we took them for a picnic and a ride on the railroad. Most of them had never seen a train before. This branch line has been open only a few months. The general superintendent of the railroad gave us a car all to ourselves, and switched it for us up among the hills where we stayed all day. The hills were new to many of the city girls who had never climbed before. It was the most profitable day from an educational point of view that they had this year, and the whole outing cost us only ten dollars. Of course that was much less than the actual cost to the railroad, but the superintendent said he did it for advertisement. I am inclined to think he did it somewhat for his own pleasure as he has a very soft side to his heart for missions. He is unlike most business foreigners here in that respect.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC MEDICAL EDUCATIONAL

Helps for Leaders

A CHALK TALK

BY MISS MARY E. WILDER

THOSE leaders who were at the May festival in Berkeley Temple this year doubtless received a suggestion as to the practical value of a chalk talk to interest the children. For the benefit of those who were not privileged to attend this annual rally I want to outline briefly the lesson taught, with a few suggestions.

Mr. Parker had two charts before him, and after a few words on the need of sending our help all over the world, he began to draw rapidly. As he told of the children far beyond the sea, he sketched a ship which was to start from this country to take the good news of Christ's love for little children. At once the hundreds of boys and girls were interested, and listened and watched as tongue and chalk outlined a map unlike any we know—a huge circle which was to represent the different countries at which our ship must stop and deliver the money sent by the boys and girls of America. At the center of this circle was another much smaller, and the space between the two was divided into eight segments.

Its first stopping place was Spain, so in the first space he drew a little Spanish girl; for to her come few opportunities for real improvement save through our school in Madrid, or from its graduates who carry the work to the towns and villages. Then the ship must carry help to Turkey, and in the second space he drew a little Turk in fez and zouave jacket, clasping the gift some kind American had sent out at Christmas time. From there our journey took us to Africa, the Dark Continent, and there in the third space appeared some very diminutive children playing in front of a kraal, the only home they know until the missionary comes and teaches them of something better. To illustrate India he drew a young Indian girl, with her strange robe wound about her as only the women of her race know how to do. China was represented by a man carrying across the shoulders two baskets suspended from a pole, and in these baskets two little Chinese babies on their way to the mission school, a unique conveyance indeed. Of course in

Japan the parasol and kimono figured largely, and then our ship turned its way toward those inmates of missions in the islands of the sea. Here we had a true little savage all ready for the good word which came to him from the children of America. On our way home we stopped in Mexico, the land which seems almost within our gates, and saw another young Spaniard, but this time in buckskins and sombrero. Last, but not least, in the inner circle he sketched the face of an American child from whom must come all the blessings carried by the good ship.

Such an exercise should make an impression on the children, and a leader can find much material in the characteristics of each country. A real map would be useful in connection with a chalk talk, as one child could point out the country while one clever with her pencil talked and drew some characteristic scene—a church, a house, a cart, or a headdress, to illustrate a difference between that land and ours.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Our Daily Prayer in September

THE girls' boarding school at Marsovan enrolls nearly one hundred and sixty pupils, one third of whom are boarders. As the course of study is higher than in the other schools in the interior of Turkey, the neighboring fields constantly look to it for teachers, and its graduates are teaching not only in the Marsovan district but in every station in the mission, in each case in the mission school. Thus, the influence of the school is far-reaching and powerful for good. They greatly need another American teacher, as Miss Cull's health is very delicate, and with school duties pressing on the other workers, many opportunities for evangelistic work must be passed by.

Mrs. Getchell is the daughter of Dr. Riggs and granddaughter of Dr. Elias Riggs, who served the Lord so many years in Constantinople. Before her marriage she was a teacher in the girls' boarding school, and now she adds to her home care two classes weekly with the girls, and she also helps the young men of Anatolia College in personal ways. Miss Ward, too, is of missionary antecedents, her father, Langdon S. Ward, having been for many years treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., and her grandfather was Dr. Bliss, long a gospel worker in Constantinople. She is a teacher in the girls' boarding school.

The topics mentioned from the third day to the ninth may seem abstract, but they deserve our earnest petition. Surely those who saw the group of new missionaries at the conference in June will remember their great need of the gift of tongues as they grapple with languages most unlike our own.

At the close of 1904 the American Board had in the Marathi Mission 49 missionaries. The work is done in eight stations and 143 out-stations, and 539 Indian Christian workers are associated with the force. We have 60 churches, 186 schools, and 194 Sunday schools. The church membership is 6,333, and the number of catechumens and baptized children bring the total number under our care up to more than 13,000.

The girls' school at Bombay gathered in Bowker Hall, numbers about three hundred pupils, many of whom are orphans. Mrs. Hume is now in this country, where by her earnest words she has greatly increased our knowledge of the work in the Marathi Mission and its imperative needs. Mrs. Hunsberger, the daughter of Dr. Edward Hume, who shares with her mother our prayer for to-day, is busy with school work. Miss Abbott has care of a home for widows with more than twenty inmates, besides a number of children. She has also been able to do much in teaching women industrial work; a most useful service as it puts them in a way to earn an honest and comfortable livelihood. Mrs. Abbott has the oversight of the primary schools for which the mission cares.

Since Miss Moulton's return from her furlough a few months ago she has been working in Ahmednagar. The blessed work which Miss Millard is doing with her "blindies," is a wonderful object lesson in the way Christianity lifts the burdens of the afflicted. The children who would be beggars, blind, filthy, repulsive, degraded, "are filled with a desire to do and be something in the world, and their time is full of useful occupation." They are taught English, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, poetry, hymns, and some learn music and how to tell stories to others. They also learn to make bamboo curtains and mattings, cane baskets, chairs, stools, etc., and the industrial department more than supports itself. Miss Millard also has charge of three other schools. Dr. Karmarker, educated in this country, where she has many friends, reports a total of 7,037 patients last year, about one fourth of them non-Christian. Mrs. Peacock is the wife of the treasurer of the mission.

The one hundred Bible women in the mission are doing a work of inestimable blessing, much of it among women whom no foreigner can reach. "When they stopped speaking their Hindu sisters would cry, 'O, go on; talk more; this is beautiful.'"

Definite knowledge of the Bible and of Hinduism is given in the training

school, as well as of the best methods of teaching and of addressing companies of women. The demand for such trained workers is very great, and the school helps to meet the need. Miss Nugent has the care of this school and also of more than two hundred orphans, from whose need she cannot turn away.

Mrs. Bissell, for fifty-four years in service in India, still carries the oversight of the Bible women of the station and of their work. The girls' boarding school has more than four hundred pupils, with twenty-five instructors, and it is divided into four departments—vernacular, Anglo-vernacular, normal and lace making. Miss Bissell has oversight of three Hindu girls' schools. She looks after the girls in the rug factory, and she edits the *Balbodhmewa*, a religious illustrated monthly magazine for young people. Miss Hartt is the principal of the girls' boarding school.

The hospital for women and children meets a need which was terrible. Dr. Hume has the entire charge, and she is ably assisted by Miss Campbell, who, though not formally a missionary, is doing a most Christian service.

Mrs. Sibley has "charge of preachers, Bible women, orphanage and schools in Wai and villages"—surely care enough for a delicate woman. In this work she is lovingly and faithfully aided by Miss Gordon, her associate.

Mrs. Fairbank, with her husband, is now in Satara, where she has the care of the work of the Bible women. Mrs. Ballantine is detained in this country by the care of her children. Such broken homes mean unspeakable cost to fathers and mothers.

Mrs. Harding, a veteran, is kept in America by delicate health. Mrs. Gates has the care of the Woronoco girls' school, while Miss Fowler, its principal, is absent on furlough.

Mrs. Smith has charge of the boarding departments of the high school and orphanage, also of the primary school for boys. Mrs. Bissell is in this country with her little children.

Mrs. Bruce has care of the station school and the Bible women at Satara. Dr. Grieve reports 5,132 patients, three fourths of them being non-Christian. Mrs. Hume has just returned from her furlough. Mrs. Harding has the charge of orphan girls and of a Hindu girls' school joined to that of her little fatherless son.



IF you are questioning the value of missionary work, the following remarks of the late Sir Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer, are worthy of consideration: "The true way, the best way, to stop the slave traffic is to multiply mission stations in the interior. You will never stop slavery in Africa until you mark the country with the sign of the cross. Wherever the missionary goes, slavery is doomed."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

Helps in the Study of Africa

BY MRS. ALICE G. WEST

REMEMBERING the wealth of supplementary material afforded by current literature to the classes studying mission work in Japan, many women have the impression that the new text-book on Africa, *Christus Liberator*, will seem in comparison scantily furnished with sidelight. This is a great mistake. There will doubtless be much less help forthcoming from the popular magazines and illustrated newspapers, but it will be a woman of exceptional leisure and of persistent purpose who will exhaust all the material that the public libraries afford to the earnest student of African missions. Africa has always been a favorite field of travel and exploration, and some of the most thrilling volumes of adventure in the English language will this year be put in the missionary alcove. We are fast learning that every book that tells truth about a land or people belongs to the student of missions. This year as never before in the annals of mission study will the small boy and his mother be reading the same books.

Who would have thought, when the Paul Du Chaillu books were coming out, that they would find their way into the missionary book case? There is help even in tales of mere adventure for the thorough student of Africa. But to go higher, to travels of exploration, there is a score of famous books covering the four centuries.

In the rooms of the American Board in Boston are shelves of missionary books for use in the Rooms, among them a bewitching array of fifty volumes dealing with Africa. In the Woman's Board circulating library are seventeen books on Africa, including all the biographies and several other titles already mentioned. These books are loaned by mail for two cents a day and return postage, and a catalogue will be sent free on application to Miss A. R. Hartshorn.

Coming now to study manuals, a new book is just issued by the Young People's Missionary Movement in its Forward Series, *Daybreak in the Dark Continent* by Wilson S. Naylor. This sells for 30 cents in paper covers, and is for sale by its publishers at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. It does not go so deeply into history or ethnology as *Christus Liberator*, but treats the subject of mission work in a bright, readable way, packing a vast amount of information into a surprisingly small compass. The illustrations are many and excellent. Side by side with this book stands its sister volume issued two years earlier in the same series, *The Price of Africa*, treating the same topic by the biographical method.

Most of the Missionary Boards print leaflets in regard to their own particular fields in Africa, many of which are of wider interest. They are

easily obtained by mail from the headquarters of the denominations, some free, some costing a few cents. At the Baptist rooms in Tremont Temple, Boston, can be found a pamphlet of ten pages entitled *Notes on the Study of Africa*, price three cents, including besides much information on geography and customs, three biographical sketches, Livingstone, Stanley and Crowther, well adapted to be read aloud in a missionary meeting, each requiring about five minutes. Here is also a brief dialogue exercise for children, called *An African Palaver*, price five cents; a fine pamphlet of twenty-seven pages, *The Pentecost on the Congo*, by Rev. Henry Richards, price three cents, and a pair of leaflets, price together five cents, on *Paul the Apostle of Banza Manteke*, perhaps the finest thing in leaflet literature on Africa among all the Boards. The Baptist Union sells a set of twenty pictures for five cents to accompany a leaflet, *Young Explorers in Africa*, which costs three cents. They are also getting out an illustrated pamphlet on their Congo work to cost ten cents.

At the headquarters of the Woman's Methodist Society, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, can be found an *Africa catechism*, in the *Flag Series*, for five cents, and a very helpful leaflet, *Social Life of African Women*, price two cents; also two leaflets by Agnes McAllister, the well known missionary, *The Women of Liberia*, two cents, and *Child Life in Liberia*, one cent.

At the Presbyterian headquarters, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, among leaflets issued for Sunday school use are two on *Africa*, illustrated, *A Look at Presbyterian Missions*, and *What Christ can do for Darkest Africa*, and in the Women's Department an excellent leaflet, *Darkness and Light in Africa*. The splendid work in Egypt done by the United Presbyterians has its own interesting literature, and also a set of twenty-four pictures sold for thirty cents, all to be had of Miss Elizabeth Caughey, Otto, Pa.

The American Board sends free a leaflet entitled *A Condensed Sketch of the Zulu Mission for the Seventy Years of its Life*, and sells at ten cents each two handsomely illustrated pamphlets, one of thirty pages entitled *The East Central African Mission in Gazaland*, the *Youngest of the Family*; the other of sixty pages giving the report brought back to the Prudential Committee by the Deputation on its return from South Africa in 1903. The student should not overlook the *American Board Almanac*, which contains—besides the African mission statistics—a condensed statement of present day conditions of civilization in Africa.

The Woman's Board of the Interior, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, prints two valuable folders by Mrs. Stover, of Bailundu, *The Women of West Central Africa*, and *Child Life in West Central Africa*, also a story of *Osom and Biwolo*, a husband and wife in the Kamerun country, the price of each of these three being two cents. They print also an interesting illustrated leaflet, *Amanzimtote Seminary* and *Miss Hattie Clark*, price four cents.

Our own Woman's Board publishes a course of twelve lessons on *Africa* for younger students, prepared by Miss Laura C. Smith, which contains, besides much general information, an excellent detailed description of the *American Board Missions in Africa*, price five cents. Among our leaflets are *A Visit to Inanda Seminary*; *Kindergartens in West Central Africa*; *Three Pioneers in Africa* (Livingstone, Stanley, and MacKay);

Entrance of Christian Civilization; and two interesting stories of African converts, Hobeana, and Umcitwa and Yona. The price of these leaflets is two cents each. All the literature of the American Board and the Woman's Board can be obtained by mail from the Congregational House, Boston.

No better help toward the study of Africa can be found anywhere than in the current missionary periodicals of the several denominational Boards, for the topic will be made prominent during the current and coming year, with special reference to the mission study class. No one should overlook that prince among missionary magazines, the *Missionary Review*, which is published by an interdenominational Board, and commands the best material available. Every issue this year has contained an important article on Africa, many of them with maps and illustrations. Among the titles are *The Winning of Uganda*; *A War Correspondent's Work for Missions*; and *Missionary Conditions in the Egyptian Sudan*. In the July and August issues are two articles of first importance, written by H. O. Dwight, the editor of the new *Encyclopedia of Missions*, *The Political Geography of Africa*, and *Distribution of the Missionary Forces in Africa*.



Book Notices

The White Peril in the Far East. By Sidney L. Gulick, M.A., D.D. Published by Revell Co. Pp. 191. Price, \$1.

Whoever has read Dr. Gulick's *Evolution of the Japanese*, now in its fourth edition, will welcome his discussion of any problem which confronts that most interesting and progressive people among whom he has lived for seventeen years. The sub-title of his latest book is *An Interpretation of the Significance of the Russo-Japanese War*. In the opening chapter we have a condensed, but clear, sketch of the Japanese previous to the period of "enlightened rule." The present year 1905 is called in Japan Meiji 38. The second chapter treats of the awakening of Japan and the extraordinary adoption of everything occidental. This was in the eighties. Then came the reaction in the nineties, and now has come the period of discrimination which, as our author says, "shows the advance of Japan from youth to maturity."

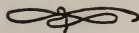
As for years in India we have heard the lament that while government education destroyed the faith of Hindu youth in their inherited religions it substituted nothing in their place, so now we hear that in Japan the result of the higher education is to "destroy belief in national gods and to supply no substitute as the ground for moral authority." This chapter is full of strategic facts to anyone who desires to keep in touch with the Japanese question, and so indeed is every chapter in the book. Dr. Gulick tells us some instances which have come under his personal observation of the treatment of Russian prisoners, which would seem positively incredible if not so well authenticated. After reading this account one is prepared to accept Dr. Gulick's assertion that the "mission of Japan to the West is the contribution she is likely to make to the development of our culture in conduct.

Compared with the average Asiatic the most of us are country bumpkins in matters of courtesy and in social relations. That is what they have conspicuously developed, and that is what we conspicuously lack."

It is a hopeful sign of the times that haughty, conservative China is now sending her young men to Japan to the number of five thousand for academic and military instruction. Approaching the shores of Japan in 1882 a Chinese merchant spoke of the people of the Sunrise Kingdom to the writer of this article as, "all the same as one little boy."

Humiliating as it may be to the colossal self-esteem of the Chinese, events have forced them to accept Japan as their leader; and to regenerate China and Korea is a part of Japan's heaven appointed mission. Count Katsura, the Prime Minister of Japan, in an address to the missionaries in May, 1904, said: "The position of Japan is analogous to that of ancient Greece in her contest with Persia, a contest for the security of Greece and the permanent peace of Europe. Japan is Greece, and Russia is Persia."

America is likely to be an important factor in whatever problem confronts the far East, and our part in evangelizing and educating the women of Japan should make us eager to do all we can in this direction.



Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from June 18 to July 18, 1905.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Western Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor. South Paris, Aux., 5.90, 5 90

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Dover, Aux., 20; Exeter, Aux., 20; Farmington, Aux., 15.28; Franklin, 6.50; Hampton, Whatsoever Miss'n Cir., 5; Manchester, So. Main St. Ch., Aux., 40.62; Merrimack, Cong. Ch., Aux., 2; Nashua, Aux., 50.41; Portsmouth, Rogers Miss'n Cir., 40; Salmon Falls, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Bessie Wood), 28, C. E. Soc., 2, 229 87

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas., St. Johnsbury. Franklin Co. Conference, 4.64; Shoreham, 6.30; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 13.30, A Friend, 25; Weybridge, C. E. Soc., 3, 52 24

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmoor, Treas., 8 Lenox St., Lawrence. Andover, Abbot Academy, 51; Lawrence, Trinity Ch., Aux., 50.85, C. R., 8.46; Lexington, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. A. M. Tucker), 25; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux. (of wh. Mrs. H. R. Hammond, 17.60), 33.10; Winchester, Aux., 32, Mrs. Jane R. Herrick (to const. L. M. Mrs. Annie E. Herrick), 25, 225 41

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Refunded on expense acct., 27.50; Dalton, Penny Gatherers, 60; Hinsdale, Aux., 22.87, S. S. Prim. and Jr. Classes, 10.01; Housatonic, C. R., 11.25; Interlaken, 35.56; Lee, Second Ch., Aux., 5, S. S. Jr. Dept., Mrs. Robbins' Class, 5; Pittsfield, First Ch., Coral Workers, 25, Pilgrim Memorial, 10, South Ch., Aux., 20.43; South Edgemont, Aux., 17; Stockbridge, Aux., 14. Less expenses, 11.80, 251 82

Cambridge.—Miss Laura B. Chamberlain, 25 00

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., Bradford. Haverhill, Mrs. Adelia Chaffin, 25, 25 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas., Beverly. Beverly, Washington St. Ch., Aux., 5; Danvers, First Ch., Aux., 7; Hamilton, Aux., 10; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 15, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, First Ch., Aux., 30; Middleton, Aux., 4.45; Peabody, South Ch., Aux., 130; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 35, Y. W. Aux., 10.02; Swampscott, Aux., 30.28; Wenham, Aux., 13, add'l Len. Off., 41 cts., 292 16

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, South, C. E. Soc., 5; Hatfield, Wide Awakes, 6.50; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 14; Norwich, Ladies' Aid Soc., 5; South Hadley, Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., 625, A Friend, 20; Worthington, Aux., 7, 682 50

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas., Framingham. Marlboro, Aux., 14; Wellesley, Aux., 64.20, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 389, 467 20

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Weymouth. Brockton, First Ch., Aux., 8, Porter Ch., Jr. Aux., 13; Cohasset, Aux. (of wh. 1.97 Easter Off.), 8.42; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux. (of wh. Len. Off., 4), 8; Wollaston, Miss'n Study Club, 19, C. E. Soc., 18, 74 42

North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Wayland Spaulding, Treas., Bedford Park, New York City. Concord, Aux., 25; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 38, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Shirley, Aux., 19, 87 00

Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Assonet, Aux., 37.29; Edgartown, Aux., 5; Fairhaven, Aux., 19; Middleboro, Central Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; North Attleboro, Aux., 13; North Middleboro, Aux., 1; Somerset, Aux., 12; Rehoboth, Aux., 20, 111 29

Springfield.—South Cong. Ch., 125 00

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Second Ch., Mrs. G. M. McLaren, 20, S. S. Intermed. Dept., 5.41; Indian Orchard, Willing Helpers Aux., 15; Ludlow Center, Precious Pearls, 15; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M's Mrs. E. C. Johnson and Mrs. E. J. Kittell), 50, Memorial Ch., King's Helpers, 25, Olivet Ch., Jr. End. M. C., 10, South Ch., Aux., 20; Wilbraham, C. E. Soc., 5, 165 41

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Mary L. Pelkey, Treas., 30 Mt. Pleasant St., North Cambridge. Auburndale, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Prim. Dept. S. S., 1; Boston, Berkeley Temple, Aux., 1, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 35, Jr. Aux., 35, Old South Ch., Aux., 250, Park St. Ch., Aux., 447.73; Brighton, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 100; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 8, C. R., 19, Shepard Guild, 15, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 20, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Dedham, Miss Mary E. Danforth, 15; Dorchester, Second Ch., 86.16; Everett, First Ch., Aux., 61.68; Foxboro, Aux., 35; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Y. L. Aux., 10, Central Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Jessie Kemp Hawkins), 97.50; Medfield, Aux., 12.25; Newton, A Friend, 75, Eliot Ch., C. R., 13.13, Helpers, 9.39; Newton Center, First Ch., Maria B. Furber Miss'y Soc., 10; Newton Highlands, A Friend, 100, Aux. 5.47; North Cambridge, North Ave. Cong. Ch., Pro. Christo Soc., 13.81; Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 15.80, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 8.48; Somerville, Highland Ave. Ch., Willing Workers, 4.50; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 38, Y. L. M. S., 4.35; Walpole, Aux. (of wh. Th. Off., 4.17), 9.20; Waltham, Trin. Cong. Ch., Aux., 19, C. R., 11; West Roxbury, So. Evan. Ch., Anatolia Club, 25, 1,626 45

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Theodore Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Sutton, First Cong. Ch., 5.30, 5 30

Total, 4,163 96

RHODE ISLAND.

A Friend, 100 00

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Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Berlin, Aux., 30, C. R., 8; Bristol, Aux., 45; Buckingham, Aux., 13; Enfield, Aux., 9.50; Hartford, Farmington Ave. Ch., C. R., 60, First Ch., S. S. Home Dept., 11.80, Warburton Chapel, S. S., 5, Fourth Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 6, Wethersfield Ave. Ch., C. E. Soc., 38; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 67.93, South Ch., Aux., 57.20; Newington, Y. W. F. M. Soc., 35.40; Plainville, Aux., 55; West Hartford, Aux., 81.11, C. R. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Louise Griswold), 28, Greystone Light Bearers M. C., 26, 576 94

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. A Friend, 400, In Memoriam 100; Barkhamsted, Aux., 23; Bethel, Aux., 46.72; Cornwall, Aux., 18; East Hampton, Aux., 44.40; Fairfield, Friends, 10; Greenwich, Aux., 50; Harwinton, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. S. A. Barber), 20; Madison, Aux., 6.05; Morris, Aux., 6; Naugatuck, Aux., 8; New Canaan, Aux., 33; New Haven, Mission Mother's Aux., 3.50, United Ch., Aux., 328.55; North Greenwich, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Sarah C. Mead), 20, 1,117 22

Total, 1,719 66

NEW YORK.

New York—American Christian Hospital at Cesarea, 343 20

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Calverton, L. I., Mrs. W. E. Newton (to const. L. M. Mrs. Wilson Benjamin), 25; Lockport, First Ch., 25; Tarrytown, E. D. B., 2.50, 52 50

Total, 395 70

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 70.26, C. E. Soc., 25; N. J., Closter, Aux., 12.60; East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 92, C. R., 22.30; Glen Ridge, Aux., 100; Upper Montclair, Y. W. M. S., 8.58; Westfield, Aux., 50, 380 74

TURKEY

West Harpoot.—Woman's Miss'y Soc., 6 16

Donations, 6,666 73
Specials, 387 50

Total, 7,054 23

TOTAL FROM OCT. 13, 1904 TO JULY 13, 1905.

Donations, 75,568 21
Specials, 2,710 41
Legacies, 16,768 85

Total, \$95,047 47

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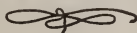


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The Cyclone in Kusaie

BY MISS LOUISE E. WILSON

Since the cablegram told us of the terrific storm that swept over many of the Caroline Islands we have been very anxious for our missionaries there and this letter from Miss Wilson will be eagerly read:—

“MORNING STAR,” PONAPE, May 5, 1905.

MY DEAR MRS. FARNAM: Before this reaches you, you will know of the cablegram sent to the A. B. C. F. M. about the terrible cyclone which swept over Kusaie on April 19, and over Ponape on the 20th. It was a terrible experience and while our houses and earthly goods are destroyed the thought uppermost in our minds is, to thank God that our lives were spared. At Kusaie the storm lasted seven hours. The fury of the wind and rain was something terrific, carrying trees, houses and everything before it. Our house began to go to pieces from the top and we hoped that at least a few of the lower rooms would stand. But the unexpected happened. The house was lifted from the foundation and slipped off about six feet, throwing most of us to the floor. The word was given for all to leave the house and we rushed out not, knowing how much better off we would be outside on account of the air being full of flying things. The girls behaved well, not uttering a cry of any kind to add to the confusion, but doing just what they were told. The boys risked their lives to save ours. They never once stopped to think of the danger they were in. We had not been out of our house five minutes before the whole building crashed in. They said there was a little workshop belonging to Dr. Rife still standing; if we could reach that they thought they could hold it from going to pieces as it was small and

in a more sheltered place, and give us a refuge. We had not been outside very many minutes before everyone had to go down on the ground to be kept from being carried off their feet. Two boys with me said, "Ruth is dead." I could see her stretched out on the ground a few feet away from me, but could not reach her, for about the time she was struck on the head with a flying stick, a hardwood stick came whizzing through the air and struck me in the back, leaving me helpless. At first it seemed as if my back was broken, but it was nothing as severe as that. The stick had struck three of my ribs. The doctor at the time could not say whether the ribs were broken or not, but judging from the intense pain thought they must be splintered from the inside. It is going on to three weeks now since it happened and I am getting on nicely. I hope inside of a week to be able to walk alone. I stood up alone to-day and am able to do a little walking with the help of several to help me. The German doctor here says my hurt is not a dangerous one, but poor little Ruth! He shakes his head and says, "Very dangerous." She is a small Marshall girl about twelve years old. The stick struck her in the head fracturing her skull very badly. The cut is a deep one, a piece of bone an inch long was broken right out of the skull. It seems as if it will be a miracle if she gets well. She is so good and patient through it all. About the general destruction of Kusaie. The houses, of course, went down. Five people were killed and others have broken limbs, and cuts and bruises. Breadfruit trees, bananas, and all native products destroyed. The destruction is something fearful to behold. It will be a struggle to find food for months to come. The suffering will be very great. I forgot to say that most of our canned goods were saved, so we have food enough to last us until we can get more.

Fourteen years ago they had a storm at Kusaie equally as bad as this one, but Ponape escaped, so hoping that they had been as fortunate again, we took all of our girls on the Morning Star and came here, hoping to find a shelter for them until other arrangements could be made. As we came on our way we stopped at two coral islands, Pingelap and Mokil, to see how they fared and found they had gone through the same experience. As the latter place is only eighty miles from Ponape we began to have fears that they had got their share. As we drew near to the land we saw it was one mass of destruction. Being a much larger island than Kusaie, somehow it looked worse (if it could look worse). But thank God, here as well as at Kusaie the lives of our missionaries and scholars were spared. Many like our own were much cut up and bruised but came out alive. They gave us a hearty welcome and assured us they would do all in their power to help us if we saw our way clear to stay with them. But finding them with

houses down and working night and day to put up an abiding place for their own flocks and no place to store our provisions, the wisest thing seemed to be to return to Kusaie, where there is still a kitchen and woodhouse and storeroom standing, belonging to the Chamons. They, as previously planned, return to America and that will leave this little space where we can crowd in after they are gone. It will be very much like camping out, but if we can only keep our family well we will not complain. During the storm the Morning Star was at anchor at Kusaie. They were dragged across the harbor with two anchors down and went on the reef twice and then on to a sand bar, where they remained all night. How they escaped being wrecked seems another miracle.

We say while the storm showed us God's might and power, it also showed us his love and mercy in many ways,—sparing our lives, sparing the ship, and in many other ways.

I realize that the experience we have just passed through will call forth much sympathy and people may want to do something to relieve the situation, but just now I think we had better pull along the best we can until things are more settled. If anyone wants to contribute such things as calico or thread, they would be very acceptable as our girls' clothes are in a pretty bad condition. My own clothes were most all saved and I shall get along until I can send for more. We want to go slow until we know what the American Board will do about the mission and about rebuilding.

At Ponape there were twenty people killed and about four hundred hurt. Word comes from Ruk that Mr. Snelling has been lost at sea. He started out in an open boat for one of the other islands and did not reach there. This was some six weeks ago.



Letter from Turkey

Miss Harriett G. Power writes from the girls' school in Brousa, June 1, 1905:—

THE girls are all very immature and full of faults, but I comfort myself with the thought, I know what they are but I do not know what they may be, to paraphrase a familiar thought. When I think of how some of Mrs. Baldwin's girls have developed, I take courage and go on. It is slow, hard work building up character but there's nothing so worth while.

But, again, we have undertaken an impossible task unless God grants his Spirit to both teachers and pupils. The Sunday afternoon meeting is a great joy to me in spite of a vivid sense of my own unfitness to lead and

guide these dear young girls into a higher life. Pray for us, dear friends. The second form (which has four years before it) is an interesting class of eight, several of them very bright. Some time ago I asked them to my room for a meeting, to which they seemed pleased to come and then they begged that we might have it every week. They are all little girls, twelve to fourteen years old,—one a Gregorian,—but very enthusiastic over their meeting which we have at 3.15 Tuesday afternoons. Most of them lead in prayer, short, and some of them childish but more or less sincere. One of them acts as pianist and plays the tunes by ear. Sometimes one or two get to giggling; a classmate of mine wrote a composition once on Girls in their Giggleshod and Boys in their Boobyhood and I am often reminded of the first part. But it is better to have them enjoy coming, though they giggle sometimes, than to have them indifferent or morose.

Later:—I was interrupted to call on a former pupil at the college in Scutari, a pretty Turkish girl who has married a young sheik and come here to live. She has a music teacher from the school of the Sisters of Charity close by us who came to act as guide, and knowing that she is busy with her music pupils I thought it not right to keep her waiting nor indeed to put off the opportunity of seeing Nellifee Hanum. We had a very pleasant call and saw her husband. As he is a sheik and lives in connection with the "tekke" it will not be possible for her to come and see us, but she said there would be no objection to our going there; indeed, she invited us to attend their services which take place Sunday and Thursday evenings after the last prayer, which comes about two hours after sunset, now nearly ten o'clock. Pretty late for me who always went to bed by ten o'clock! But it is an opportunity not to be lost so we plan to go next Thursday. Poor girl! She rarely goes out and there's nothing much for her to do but play on the piano and nothing to stimulate her even in that direction. As we came back we were both of us so glad we were not Turkish women!

To go back to the school. We have had forty-nine names on our roll call, which is several less than last year, but we have had these girls steadily, while last year there were six or eight who were here only a few weeks and besides that some who did not come back were very dull or lazy, so that I consider the school really in a much better state than last year.

A year ago an alumnæ association was formed and has had ten meetings, some literary and some musical and one or two business. On one occasion one young lady presented a paper on Russia and another on Japan and at the next meeting we had the pleasure of listening to a Swiss lady who had lived in Russia.

On the whole, the close of the year finds me with much more hope and enthusiasm than last year at this time.

If this school is to be a power here and grow and prosper we must have more room. Various plans are being considered. Also, we must have French; no one here is considered really educated who cannot speak French. Also, we must have a good master for the Armenian language.

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Extracts from Annual Report of the Kumiai Churches of Japan, 1904--1905

INTERFERENCE WITH THE WORK

In some parts of the mission, at the very beginning of the war, considerable suspicion of the Christians was manifested in many ways by intensely patriotic but non-Christian Japanese. This seemed to come from the fact that Russia was spoken of as a Christian nation while Japan was not. Hence all Christians must be Russian sympathizers and might even be giving secret aid to the Russians. This feeling of suspicion, however, was quickly dispelled by the earnestness and zeal with which the churches and church members entered into the Red Cross work and all forms of work for the soldiers.

A far greater and more serious interference with the mission work has come from the calling into the army of many of the church members, teachers in the schools, evangelists, and pastors. This, of course, has weakened many of the churches, especially the smaller ones, not only as regards their resident membership but also in a financial way.

BENEFITS TO THE WORK

But the interference that has been caused by the war with mission and Christian work, though keenly felt, is largely temporary in its nature and is far outweighed by the benefit to the work arising from the war. These latter are far-reaching and largely permanent in their nature. One of these is the opening of the army to Young Men's Christian Association work. Heretofore the army has been practically closed to Christian work and influence, though not a few of its highest officers are Christians and known as such. Now all this is changed.

IN THE SECOND PLACE

the war has brought the Christian and non-Christian into close touch and sympathy with each other in a way that nothing else could. A touch of work as well as a touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin, and when a common work and a common sorrow come together, they bring the people more closely into sympathy and fellowship with each other.

Other benefits to the work have come in a deepening seriousness on the part of the people and an eagerness to hear and learn about Christian teaching. Requests for addresses, talks, and conferences have been more than could be met. The audiences also have shown a great increase in numbers and interest.

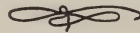
Further, the war has broadened as well as deepened the lives of the people. So many Russian prisoners have been brought to Japan that all classes of people have been brought into close touch with another nation which cannot help re-acting on both nations. Japanese Christians are praying for suffering Russians and Russian prisoners are contributing from their scanty funds to the Christian work in Japan.

Thus while we deplore the war and the great loss of life, the sorrow and intense suffering which it causes, there still arises from it much that will prove of permanent value and benefit to mission work and the progress of Christian truth in Japan. All progress in every branch of life comes largely through struggle and suffering and this is just what is happening in Japan to-day. A nation is being developed and the half century of preparation which it has passed through is now coming to fruition.

With government sanction the Young Men's Christian Association was allowed to send a few men to the front, it being distinctly understood that the men and work were on trial. Speedily the work commended itself to the officers and men on the ground. Invitations came from different officers; permission was granted to establish work in many new centers, and all the men that could be obtained were put into this army work.

Hereafter, wherever there is an army barracks there will be a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association cordially welcomed and aided by the government officials and officers.

All this means the breaking down of prejudice, the bringing of practical Christian living close to the hearts and lives of the people throughout the whole country, the revealing of Christ and his teaching to all the people in a way which general missionary work could hardly do it.



Letter from Miss Josephine Walker

PART III

SHAOWU, FUKIEN, CHINA, March 10, 1905.

It was last week I think I sent off my part first of the Kien Nen trip. I believe I had got myself to Li sin. I stayed there over night. It rained rather hard and the next I came home in hail and snowstorms.

Before going I had engaged a boat to take me down the river to another chapel. It is a very wild and exciting trip. None of us ladies have been over it yet and I was anxious to be the first. But Thursday, the day set for starting, was cold and snowing and I had to give it up, as it would have been impossible with such weather for the men to control the boat. Since there is one rapid, passengers always get out and walk-around in good weather; you can easily see how foolish it would have been to have tried to go home that way. There were two other ways left, both over high mountains. Our preacher advised me to take the one which went through our chapel at Sen kian. It didn't seem best to wait any longer for the weather, as there was no prospect of it clearing this time of the year. Moreover I was catching more cold each day I sat around in those cold, damp houses, so Friday morning I started back. I had my two loads divided between two men. We also took along a wood knife and a light shovel, which I used as cane most of the time.

The first day we only went twelve miles over a couple of mountain ridges where the path was frequently obstructed by trees weighted down with ice, or broken quite off. Of course we had to cut away enough branches to get by and that took time. But the ice covering every tiny leaf and blade of grass gave a new charm to the scenes, and I quite enjoyed it. It was late and cold when we reached the tavern, but I was fortunate to have my room upstairs next to one where the straw was stacked, so I could make myself a good, warm and comfortable bed.

The next morning we started on. I think it must have been the coldest morning we had for even the dogs couldn't get their barks thawed out sufficiently to use until I was too far away to hear them. When we came to our first climb we found the mountain road covered with ice and after slipping over it we decided to go no further but to take up our abode in a quiet little village.

I was fortunate in falling into the hands of a most obliging landlady. She gave up her own room for my use, while she and her husband slept out in the living room. It was a pleasant little room with a large window in it that looked out toward the mountains around. There I stayed Saturday and Sunday. I had expected to spend them at our Sen kian chapel, seventeen miles further on. But my little landlady was most considerate, humored my every wish, so that I spent most of the time before the kitchen fire, wrapped in a red blanket and feeding the fire, when I wasn't reading a book or answering questions. At first the lady misunderstood my name and highly entertained me with patting me most lovingly on my back and calling me "Miss Granny." I asked one person who wanted to know my age, if he thought I looked eighty yet? "No," he said, "you're not eighty and you're not sixty, but you might easily be fifty." No doubt my landlady thought the same. So many over in that region took me to be an old lady that I began to wonder what had happened to me. Whatever it was it seemed to pass off as I neared home, for there they asked, "Are you twenty yet?"

The children had been asking all day if I were going to "worship," so in the evening I thought I would try again and see what I could get them to do. I sat on a tipped over stool in front of the fireplace, the children sat on a

narrow door sill and blocks of wood. They were clapping their hands and singing.

Sunday morning it rained good and hard, but it was such a cold rain that it only made slush of the snow and I wondered if I would have to stay over another day, but in the afternoon the rain changed to snow, and by Monday morning there was three inches of fresh snow on the ground, so I began to call all hands up at six o'clock, and by dint of much urging we finally got started at nine o'clock. The sun shone a couple of hours, the only time while I was gone, and in those two hours it melted the snow somewhat. Riding was impossible, one reason the wet snow made it too slippery even on the level ground. Most of the time too we spent going up and down four very steep mountains. To get by fallen trees and bushes I had to walk in three and four inches of slush and fresh snow and before long I was quite wet as to my feet, and then of course I did not dare to ride. I might have been more weary when I reached our chapel. My! but I was glad to get there and have the two dear old ladies fuss over me. First it was hot tea and fire baskets they gave me. Then more ginger tea. Meanwhile hot water and a bath tub had gone upstairs.

Early the next morning two of our Christians started off to some of the distant villages to call them in for meeting. By eleven they were there and we had morning and afternoon service that Tuesday. They are a dear people and did so want me to stay over Sunday, but I felt I could not as school opened the next week, and the next day, moreover, was the day I was to have reached home and I had not been able to send any word as to the cause of my delay. Wednesday I spent mostly resting and replenishing my larder with steamed bread.

It rained the two days I was at Sen kian, and that cleared the valley roads. My rubbers were quite worn out, so I bought me straw sandals to wear over my shoes, and by being careful, I reached our chapel at Chuken fairly dry. They were surprised and relieved to see me, for I had stopped there on my way over and they wondered what had become of me in all that bad weather.

The next day was my last night out. It was spent in a large village, and I expected to have crowds about me all the time, but I was happily disappointed. There were other attractions. It was the Feast of Lanterns when all the folks were feasting at home or in their ancestral halls, enjoying a fairyland of gay lanterns. One of our Christians took me around to two of the large halls and I saw some most interesting paintings. Some of the old lanterns had the finest Chinese painting on them I ever saw. After seeing the lanterns we went to his home and had a short meeting.

The next day it drizzled all day, but I cared not, for that night found me home, though I did not get there till after dark. My load carriers and coolies were so used up that they got others to take their place. Yet I never had coolies who were so good natured and obliging, or who took such good care of me—to see that I had all my things and was properly wrapped up and tucked in. They could even laugh at having to go through the snow with their sore feet.

Letters from Missionaries

Report of the Station Class at T'aiku, Shansi, by Mrs. Mary Williams Hemingway, March 31, 1905.

Now that Mrs. Atwood is almost well, I must tell about our Women's Station Class held in February, under difficulties. Mrs. Atwood and I had been planning for some time to hold this class, the first since 1900. The women of our church here have been so scattered, with no opportunities for prayer meetings and systematic Bible study. We felt that the first class should be to help them. We invited Mrs. Hou and Mrs. Chia to come from Fenchoufu for a visit at that time, knowing that these two women with their strong, fine Christian characters would do much to encourage and develop our women. So far we have no very suitable place for classes, but one large room with a large brick bed was made ready, and the walls hung with Bible pictures, the gift of Mrs. Pond of Oberlin.

So far all went as planned, but the rest was quite out of our schedule. Mrs. Atwood fell sick, and it turned out to be a serious attack of rheumatic heart trouble. Dr. Atwood was at T'ai Yuan Fu, two days away as carts travel. We sent Hsiang Shan, our swiftest messenger, and he made the distance in a day, getting in before the city gates were shut. He is the one mentioned on pages 86 and 87 of *Two Heroes of Cathay*, who escaped by climbing the compound wall and city wall the time the T'aiku missionaries were killed. He is now in Mrs. Atwood's service. His name means "Moving Mountain," but it sounds much too ponderous for his quick ways. When the missionaries have errands requiring speed and energy, Hsiang Shan is sent. Several times in the past he has made a record by going for help in sickness for Mrs. Clapp and others. His speed was rarely exhausted, and could not "rest her heart," as the Chinese say, till seeing Dr. Atwood. Dr. Atwood came in late at night, after a hard day of travel, and set to work. Dr. Hemingway took turns watching, and everything was done, but with less and less hope. A week later Hsiang Shan was sent again to T'ai Yuan to bring Dr. Edwards of the English Baptist Mission for consultation. Mrs. Atwood said laughingly that so few patients in China had the services of three doctors at once it would be ungrateful not to get well. And after three weeks of intense suffering and weakness she did begin to recover, and now has almost regained her strength.

It was in the very midst of this anxious time that Mrs. Hou and Mrs. Chia came from Fenchoufu for the Station Class. Other women were already here waiting. It seemed so disappointing to send them all home, and the Fenchoufu women have read a great deal and could act as teachers for the rest. So the Station Class began with nine women studying, and others of the place coming in for the meetings. Mrs. Su, teacher of our Girls' School, helped when she had time.

Mrs. Hou has the most American energy I have seen in a Chinese woman yet. Before she ever heard of the missionaries and their idea that women should read as well as men, she had decided to read the Chinese Classics.

She taught herself, with the help of her brothers when a small girl, and kept it up in later life, reading with her husband and then her children. So her first reading of the Gospels was understandingly, and with instant pleasure and belief. She unbound her feet, although a woman of her age suffers much more pain from unbinding than from leaving the feet in the bound-up, paralyzed state. But she wants to put her influence on the right side. Her outspoken, demonstrative ways do not seem like other Chinese women.

Mrs. Chia is quite different, but the two women are fast friends. Mrs. Chia is motherly and soft-voiced, and her fresh color and dimples make her very attractive. Her eldest daughter came with her, bringing a small baby boy. This daughter is the wife of Dr. Hall's former hospital assistant, and had studied in the mission schools, so her singing and knowledge of the Bible were of much help. She read *Pilgrim's Progress* with Mrs. Hou in the Chinese edition which has quaint pictures of Christian, gowned and queued, rushing from the City of Destruction and passing truly fearful looking Chinese lions on the Hill Difficulty.

Mrs. Chang, Mrs. Williams' old nurse, and Mrs. Li, mother of one of our brightest schoolboys, read in the Gospels. But the other women of the class were beginners, or had forgotten what they had learned so long ago. They read Mrs. Arthur Smith's and Miss Miner's primary books, and all learned to repeat the Ten Commandments and the Creed. Also, after seeing them fumble around their Bibles in church, when the preacher took his text from Jude, it seemed best for them to learn to say the books of the New Testament.

Mrs. Keng, the sewing woman, Mrs. Miao, the presiding genius of our Girls' School, Mrs. Yang, the preacher's wife, and Yü Nai tzu, Mrs. Chang's adopted daughter, all made good progress in reading and in recognizing characters. Mr. Yang led their morning prayers with a helpful series of lessons of the life of Christ. An afternoon prayer meeting was led by the women in turn. It is so long since the women of the church have had any meeting of their own that they seemed particularly to enjoy this little gathering by themselves. Those who had never tried to lead a meeting before took courage to try, and all, even the most timid, came to feel able to pray before and with the little circle of friends. Mrs. Atwood's illness was never forgotten. The story of Christ's sufferings and those of his followers and the eternal reward came with special reality and force to these women, who so few years ago suffered and lost dear ones for his name. And in daily conversation came again and again the names of dear teachers whose graves lay not far away.

Mrs. Chia's daughter unbound her feet during her stay. Mrs. Li has unbound since and Mrs. Yang hopes to do so soon. One of the chief benefits of the ten days' class was the chance it gave to our church women to come close together after the scattering and lack of regular services the years following 1900. We had one social and tea. Miss Miner's books, *China's Book of Martyrs*, and the *Two Heroes of Cathay*, are in constant requisition to see the pictures of Shansi people and places.

In past years women have brought their own food to station classes, and we plan to keep up this self-supporting policy wherever possible, but for

this first class with so many guests, it seemed best to make the food free to all. We were enabled to do this by a gift from the women of the Peking church to help work for women in Shansi. Our women were very much pleased to hear of this thought of them.

In my Fenchoufu letter I wrote about the plan for Mrs. Atwood and myself to hold a station class in Fenchoufu for women in the opium refuge. That plan, of course, had to be given up, but Mrs. Hou offered to teach the women, and is now working with them and other church women are helping her. She is going to be a tower of strength in future years of work in Fenchoufu.

From Miss Gertrude Cozad, who is on her way back to China by way of India.

MADURA, INDIA, March 11, 1905.

HERE in India we have spent six weeks, a month more than I had planned, for I had thought just to stop off one steamer and come up to get a glimpse of the work in Madura. It has been a great inspiration to me, however, and I think it has paid to remain longer. We have visited Madura and Ahmednagar where the mission is doing a remarkable work with the many helpless ones thrown on their care. The magnitude of the work in India is appalling to me, and the thought of so many orphans in one place was overpowering. The work there seems to be carried on very wisely however, and the children are so divided into groups that the individuality of each one is maintained and they have found not only food and shelter but love and home as well.

We spent one afternoon and night at Kedgaon where Pundita Ramabai is. Her spiritual influence over the sixteen hundred helpless creatures in her Home is beautiful to see, but it is too large a single institution, it seemed to me, to have the best results in the matter of individuality. Here we for the first time found ourselves living as the natives do—only on a better scale—we had two rooms for three, with earthen floors however, and the eleven foreign workers had a separate dining room which we shared, all sitting on the floor and eating native food from brass trays, all but the three guests eating with their fingers.

At Bombay we were entertained at Miss Abbott's and saw her Bible women and widows. Miss Millard's school for the blind we found most interesting, everything as shipshape and flourishing as one would expect to find her work.

From there we went to Agra and Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta, and thence back to Madura by train. All through this trip I am impressed with the fact that, though seventeen years a missionary, this is my first glimpse of heathendom. It is all just as I have read of it all my life. I don't know that I have seen a thing that I have not heard of, and yet I had not the slightest conception of what it was. I feel the utter uselessness of letter writing when I see things so different from what I had thought. To really understand a Hindu temple there must be the exercise of the olfactory as well as the optical nerves. I have so wished I could photograph in color here, and I think too one should photograph smells as well as get the correct picture. How can women in

America leave the teachings of Christ and desire to know the teachings of Krishna, of Siva and of Vishnu, the sources of all this degradation.

We have been to the gates of hell, it seems to us, but here at the Lucy Perry Noble Bible School I feel as if I were getting a glimpse into the heavenly places. It is a splendid institution, the training the women receive so thorough, so systematic and so spiritual. I have been with Miss Russell, Miss Swift's associate, and the women to the zenanas and sat in the crowded courts while forty or fifty women and children crowded around us while Miss Russell examined these pretty young girls in what they had learned from the Bible women. We were almost stifled with the wreath of jasmine flowers thrown over our heads, and glad to get out where we could dispose of them. I thought to pacify a dirty, naked, crying baby by giving him a piece of rock sugar they had presented to us, but was stopped by Miss Russell, who said he couldn't take it without breaking caste.

The Bible women in sending a message to our women asked me to ask them to pray that caste might be done away with. Poor India! bound hand and soul to this dreadful system. It is being honeycombed in thousands of homes by the work of these humble, patient, heroic Bible women, and the downfall is sure to come. But what patience, faith and trust are needed to work in this country. I am greatly impressed with the magnitude of the work in India, where everything seems to be numbered by the thousands, orphans, pupils in schools and zenana; and workers by the hundreds, and they are all needed and many more where the forces of evil are legion.

It has been good to see the work here in India and will be an inspiration to me in our work in many ways, though in detail it has not been greatly suggestive, for we have such different people to deal with and our methods must be essentially different.



Woman's Board of the Interior

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RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10, 1905

ILLINOIS	2,697 25		
INDIANA	68 40		
IOWA	664 81		
KANSAS	116 10		
MICHIGAN	239 31		
MISSOURI	179 36		
NEBRASKA	100 49		
OHIO	461 16		
SOUTH DAKOTA	69 90		
WISCONSIN	415 46		
WYOMING	13 00		
IDAHO	1 00		
CHINA	100 00		
MISCELLANEOUS	36 56		
Receipts for the month	\$5,162 80		
Previously acknowledged	44,632 18		
Total since October, 1904	\$49,794 98		
		FOR DEFICIT, 1904.	
		ILLINOIS	5 00
		Previously acknowledged	690 00
			<hr/>
			695 00
		ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
		Receipts for the month	\$75 65
		Previously acknowledged	2,023 11
			<hr/>
		Total since October, 1904	\$2,098 76

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